

# **Autobiography of Cordelia Morley Cox**

My parents were born in Montague, Franklin, Massachusetts: my father, Isaac Morley, 11 March 1786; my mother, Lucy Gunn Morley, 24 January 1786. Here they grew to manhood and womanhood and were married in the year 1812. During this year of 1812 they left their homes of wealth and comfort for the wilderness of Ohio, where they built their cabin home, it being a quarter of a mile from any white neighbor. They cleared the lands, near which later became the city of Kirtland.

For twenty years father lived here surrounded by his father's family, who had followed him. I was the fifth child of a family of seven, all of whom were born in Kirtland. I was born 28 November 1823. Though a century has passed and gone, the Morley people and the Morley Grove of sugar maples are still at the Old Homestead.

In the year 1831 the Prophet Joseph Smith and his wife came to our home at Kirtland. Our family had been converted to "Mormonism" in 1830. Here the Prophet lived during the winter. A home was built for him on father's land. A warm friendship grew between father and the Prophet, which lasted through life. My parents joined the Church when I was seven years old.

In the spring of 1831 Joseph called father, Edward Partridge, and others to go to Missouri to find a location for the Saints. A place was found near the town of Independence, Missouri. My father sent back for his family to move there. We made

every preparation to start. Mother had six children to prepare for the journey. She was to leave a good home and everything comfortable, without selling it. A team and wagon was furnished her to go to the Ohio River, where we were to take a steamboat and go the rest of the way by water. All things being ready--the team and the wagon, the driver came and loaded us in. All that we were taking was in one wagon.

We had to travel one hundred miles in this way before reaching the Ohio River. We were one week going the 100 miles. When we got there the water was so low the steamboat could not come to us. We hired a room and stayed another week waiting until the boat could come to us. When the boat did come, it was a coal boat, very different from a steamboat. But the water was so low it was the best they could do for us. We all got aboard and started on our journey. We had not gone far before we could see there was a storm approaching. The clouds were black, and such heavy thunder that I never forgot. Soon the rain began to fall in torrents. It was so dark that they could not see to guide the boat, and they ran upon a sandbar. There we had to stay until morning. They wouldn't let us have any light, and we had to sit up all night. In the morning the sailors went ashore, got some long poles, and pried the boat loose, and we went on. About noon the next day a steamboat came, lashed to the coal boat, and loaded us on their boat while we were going along. We went along all right until we got within a hundred miles of our destined place. We landed, and changed boats in the morning. There

were such large cakes of ice floating down the river that they told us we would have to go the rest of the way by land. We waited one week before we could go any farther. While there, my birthday, 28 November, passed.

They hired one of those big wagons with a Pennsylvania box on it, five-span of mules and two negro drivers. There were about fifteen of us. They put us with all we owned in the wagon. The cover was drawn so tight that we could not see out. In this way we traveled for several days. Before we got to our new home we met father. We were all glad to see him. He led us on until we came to a little, low log cabin which father called home. There were three rooms, and three families to live in the house, and no other house in sight. Here we lived until spring, then we moved near to the town of Independence, Missouri, and built another log cabin.

By this time the mob began to threaten to drive us out. A good many Saints were settled there. We were threatened day and night. They told us they would burn our house down over our heads. We got so afraid of them. One night some of them came and threw a large rock through our window, smashing it all to pieces. I was sleeping with my little sister in a trundle bed under the window. Our faces and bed were filled with glass, and we were crying and frightened almost to death. The mob gave us no peace, and all the while, telling us we had to leave the country or they would kill us. We took our things out of the house three different times. Each night

we expected our house would be burned to the ground. We would leave it at night, and go away to sleep while the men would stand on guard.

The mob came to our house one night and took father to prison with a number of men. While there they threatened and abused them. They kept up a constant shooting to frighten them, and at midnight they let them go. The mob was firing their guns at random, so the men begged to go back into the prison to stay until morning for safety. We spent a dreadful night at home. We could hear the guns all the while, but did not know what it meant. We were very glad to see father coming home in the morning and that he was all right. Things went from bad to worse. There was no protection for us, and we were obliged to leave the country, which we did in the month of November.

We left Jackson County, Missouri, and went to Clay County, [then later on to Caldwell county] where the Church settled again. This place was called Far West. Here was built a nice town, with comfortable homes and good farms. This enraged the mob, and they were all the time doing us all the harm they could in driving off the cattle and sheep. Nothing was safe with us, not even our lives.

I have seen hundreds of wicked men ride into town with their guns and bayonets on their shoulders, threatening to take whomever they pleased. Again they took father with about ten others. He begged the privilege of seeing his family before

leaving. They gave him a few moments to see us. They had two guards go with him. He called us around him, told us to be good children, and he would come back as soon as he could. He took us one by one in his arms and kissed us good by. You cannot imagine the scene that followed. They were driven to Richmond, Missouri, by a strong guard on horses through the mud and water like so many hogs being driven to slaughter. They kept them well guarded day and night, with nothing but corn bread to eat and water to drink. They had no bed but the floor. They were kept in this condition for three weeks. They were then brought into court to have their trials. The lawyers worked hard to find them guilty of something, but failed. So they turned them out to go home as best they could. So inhumanely was father treated, that when he came back to us, we stared some time before we could recognize and call this gaunt man father. And so it was from year to year, persecution, which increased our faith in our Creator. We were compelled to leave our homes again.

We then went to the State of Illinois, Hancock County. This place was known as the Morley Settlement, Yelrom, Morley spelled backwards. When we first went there, father drove his team into the woods and pitched a tent. I remember how cold it was. I had sore eyes and was almost blind. Father bought some house logs, and we moved in, without door, windows, or anything but a few logs cut out for a fireplace. We were soon comfortable, and lived there through the winter. In the spring we commenced clearing and fencing the

land, and we raised quite a crop. In the fall we put us up a good log house. Here we lived for five years. My father was President, F.M. Cox and Edwin Whiting were his Counselors. I attended school whenever and wherever I had the opportunity, amidst all of our moving, mobbing and driving, until at the age of sixteen, father built a small schoolhouse where I taught in the summer and went to school in the winter to a larger school.

In the Morley Settlement in my father's home there were four grown sisters. I was now in my twentieth year, and this was the longest of any place I had lived in since I was 7 years old. Our house was small, but there was room for love, friends, and merriment. A cooper by trade, father's shop was adjoining the house. Our beaus, being plentiful, made themselves both useful and agreeable in the cooper shop. They would come, out went the barrels and rubbish, the fiddle would start, and the fun began. We danced, how we danced. We played chase the squirrel, thread the needle, sailing the boat, whirl the plate. We had dancing and spelling schools, husking bees, house raisings. At this time we made fun out of everything, and for us it was the one gleam of sunshine we had had for many years.

Our trouble did not end here. The mob began to threaten, to drive us, and we were in trouble again. We lived in fear each day. It was while we were here that Joseph and Hyrum Smith were martyred. That cast a gloom over all. They did not know

what to do or where to go. I saw Joseph taken by the terrible mob, and heard him say, "I go as a Lamb to the slaughter."

Again the mob began to burn our houses and stacks of wheat and oats, and destroyed everything that came in their way. In September 1845, the Morley Settlement was burned. The labor and toil of years was ruthlessly destroyed--homes and stacks burned, cattle taken possession of and driven away. Helpless old people, women and children were robbed of even a shelter and the necessities of life. Oh, the inhumanity of our own countrymen, for they left ruin and desolation where there had been a happy, prosperous people. Now they were scattered wherever they could find a shelter or friend, or a crust of bread.

Again we left our home and moved to Nauvoo, twenty-five miles from Morley Settlement. We rented a house and lived there one year. It was here in a meeting where I saw the mantle of Joseph Smith fall upon Brigham Young, and he looked like Joseph and his voice was that of Joseph. While living in Nauvoo, I was married to Frederick Walter Cox in the Nauvoo Temple, 27 January 1846. Emeline Whiting, his first wife, was sealed to him at the same time. He also married his second wife, Jemima Losee, and she was sealed to him at this time.

I was baptized when eight years old in Jackson County, Missouri. It was January 1832; my father cut the ice from a stream, and baptized me and two boys. I always tried to bear



a good name and to follow the teachings of my parents and those whose right it was to rule over me.

In the spring of 1844, plural marriage was introduced to me by my parents from Joseph Smith, asking their consent and a request to me to be his wife. Imagine, if you can, my feeling, to be a plural wife. Something I never thought I could ever be. I knew nothing of such religion and could not accept it, neither did I then. I told Joseph I had a sweetheart; his name was Whiting, and I expected to marry him. He, however, was left by the wayside. He could not endure the persecutions and hardships. I told the Prophet I thought him a wonderful man and leader, but I wanted to marry my sweetheart.

After Joseph Smith's death, I was visited by some of his most intimate friends who knew of his request and explained to me this religion, counseling me to accept his wishes, for he now was gone and could do no more for himself. I accepted Joseph Smith's desire, and 27 January 1846, I was married to your father in the Nauvoo Temple. While still kneeling at the altar, my hand clasped in his and ready to become his third plural wife, Heber C. Kimball tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Cordelia, are you going to deprive the Prophet of his desire that you be his wife?" At that, Walter Cox said, "You may be sealed to the Prophet for eternity and I'll marry you for time." Walter was proxy for Joseph Smith, and I was sealed to him for eternity and to Walter for time. (One time when Cordelia told this story to her granddaughter, Mary

Verona Cox, she said, "Verona, in eternity I want the man that was the father of my children and was a good husband and father. I lived with him and loved him.")

I want to bear my testimony, no matter by whom it is denied. The Prophet Joseph Smith taught and practiced polygamy, having five wives with whom I was acquainted. It was just as much a trial to us in those days as it would be to this people today. But we tightened our armor and made ready to overcome our selfish desires. I have told you of those sacred marriages in the Temple at Nauvoo. But I must say that the Father of us all watched over and blessed us for striving to obey His will. I am not denying the wavering of my will, for when you feel the finger of scorn pointed your way and know you are against all the teachings of your youth, a strong faith must be yours to be able to overcome this feeling.

Many were the nights of weeping. I must have some assurance of a higher source to be able to go on with any degree of comfort. I went to bed praying earnestly to have the right made known to me. I then seemed to be one of the multitudes of people who, evidently, were sorrowing. I felt that a glorious personage was moving among them whispering words of inspiration and comfort. Soon he came to me, and in startling distinctness said these words, "Never change your condition or wish it otherwise." Today I am thankful I obeyed that voice. It was so real to me that I felt strengthened and comforted.

In February 1846 the Saints were on the move again. We started on our journey from Nauvoo 4 May. We traveled to a settlement called Pisgah. Here we stopped and stayed a year. We cleared land and raised crops. We built two log houses. Mine was a small log hut 12 feet square without floor or windows and a quilt hung up for a door. It was here Lavina was born 27 September 1846. The following spring we traveled another hundred miles to another settlement where they had built houses. This place was called Winter Quarters. It was near the Missouri River and was very sickly. A great many people died. It was here that my mother died, 3 January 1848. She was buried in the graveyard where now is built the city of Omaha, Nebraska. The journey had been very hard for her, and for the want of proper food and the comforts of life, she died, and was buried with three of her grandchildren. Not being able to go any farther toward Utah, we went about five miles from Winter Quarters and stopped again. This place was called Cutlers Branch. We built another house, cleared and fenced land, and raised corn and potatoes.

It was a long way to the gristmill, so your father cut down a large tree, dug out the middle, fixed a spring pole to it, and when we were out of breadstuffs, he would pound the corn for bread. We lived here four years. It was here that Emerett was born, 24 March 1849, and Sarah Ann 10 April 1851. By this time there were a good many gentiles settled in the place. In 1851 it was found out that my husband had more than one wife. He was arrested, stood trial, and his sentence was: one

wife only or leave the country. My husband had the courage of his convictions, and stood up to them, saying, "I will never forsake these wives and their little ones, so help me God."

His second wife, Jemima Losee, was expecting her third child. With sentiment so much against us, he realized that for the safety of the mother and babe, the child must not be born in that state. I was very devoted to Jemima, so I volunteered to take my three children and to go with Jemima wherever our husband thought it wise to take us. It was the fifteenth of January, and the weather so cold, it seemed as though we would freeze to death. Aunt Jemima, myself, and our children were put in a wagon. Jemima was one of the "sister wives". She was one who was dearer to me than one of my own sisters. We started out to find a home. We traveled 25 miles, and came to a small place called Carterville. On the lonely prairie, not too far from the main road, an abandoned barn was found which had possibilities. In it was a stable about fourteen feet square, without doors or windows. There was no place for a fire. There was not a friend or an acquaintance. Those of us called spiritual wives were looked down upon by every passerby with suspicion and distrust. The finger of scorn was pointed at us. We were looked upon as bad women.

Our husband took up the loose boards, scraped the floor and replaced them. He made two pole bunks, cut a little wood, and left us alone. We had no one but God to rely on. In Him

we put our trust. When it was our bedtime, we knelt down in humble prayer asking God to take us into his care and keeping through the night. I had three little ones, the oldest being five years old. Nervousness was my ever-present companion. February was almost gone, and we had made no acquaintances. Father Cox did not come as we expected. One evening I noticed that Jemima was trying to hide her distress. I then realized that the time had come. A terrible fear came over me; a thousand thoughts rushed through my mind. Uppermost was the thought, "What shall I do?" The answer was a knock at the door. I opened it, and there stood a woman, unexpected, who had come to offer her assistance. That night, 29 February 1852, the babe was born in that stable. As soon as everything had been taken care of, and the babe placed in its mother's arms, the kindly woman left. Neither of us had seen her before, and neither of us ever saw or heard from her again. We have always felt that this was God-given aid, for who but God could have expressed such a keen sympathy or sent more needed help. He did not send to us an earthly doctor, who might appear curious enough to hurt us, but a woman, sympathetic, understanding, and capable.

Well, all this was just a little too much. This over, I just dropped every feather, and wept. Oh, but was not this a God-given testimony. Occasionally a traveler would ask us to do their washing. One man came back for a five dollar gold piece he had forgotten he had left in his shirt pocket. We

thought he wanted to add the name "thieves" to the many we were called. We searched where the shirt had been hung and found it. A group of soldiers (mob militia) were in an encampment nearby. They were upon no other mission than to persecute the Saints wherever they were found. We did washing for the soldiers, but were always afraid of being harmed. But we were hard pressed to feed our children and ourselves. We lived here for five months waiting anxiously for our husband to come for us. During this time our husband was doing all he could to get ready to go to Utah. He made his own wagons, and when they were ready, he sold his place, and bought the oxen. By 20 June 1852 we were ready to start on our journey to Utah.

There were three wagons and three of us women with our children. Fred Cox was my teamster. He was then fourteen years old. My team consisted of three yoke of cattle and a yoke of cows on the lead. We got along with but very little trouble.

The day we got to the Green River, my wagon was the back one. The teams were ahead and had gotten across the river all right. Fred drove into the stream of water. It was deep and very swift. The current was so swift that it frightened the cows and they turned around and came back to the wagon. That lifted the box up and the water began running in, wetting everything in it. Fred was calling to the top of his voice for help, but no one heard him. The roaring of the

wagons going over the gravel made so much noise. I thought of nothing but going to a watery grave. I put my arms around my little girls and thought we would sink together. It so happened that the man who had been driving stock that day came back to see if he had all of the animals and saw our condition. He jumped from his horse, pulled off his boots, and waded in to help us. He took hold of the cows' horns, straightened out the teams, and we went on. I was so frightened that it made me sick.

On 29 September 1852 we reached Salt Lake City. Our relatives, my father Isaac Morley, my husband's brother Orville Cox, and his brother-in-law and Emeline's brother Edwin Whiting were all located in Manti. We arrived in Manti 4 October 1852. I was then in my 29th year. We rented a house to live in the first winter. It was a little log cabin.

In the spring, the Indians began to trouble us, and we all moved into a fort, where I lived with my family for nine years. Our first son, Francis Morley Cox, was born 23 August 1853. Isaac was born 8 July 1856, but he lived only 7 days. Calista was born 20 December 1857.

***The following was written by Cordelia in 1903 on the 50th birthday of her son, Francis Morley Cox, who was in England on a mission:***

The thought of fifty years ago brings many reflections to my mind, and takes me back to my younger days. It was then in the days of the Walker War. There were but few people in

Manti. They had to build a fort to live in to protect themselves from the Indians. It was in the time of harvesting the grain. The men had to go in companies to cut the grain, while others had to stand guard. They beat the drum every night and morning. Women and children would gather around to hear the news and to learn who had been killed. The beating of the drum brought terror to our hearts. We did not know what the news would be.

The fort was lined with little huts built against the wall of the fort. Ours was in the southwest corner. Here we had two small rooms about fourteen feet square. A wagon cover was stretched across for a partition. Your Aunt Emeline lived in one part, and Aunt Jemima and I in the other. The room I called my home had a few loose boards overhead for a cover. A few boards were laid down for our bedsteads to set on. The rest was a dirt floor. Aunt Emeline had four children; Jemima and I had six when we first moved in. All we owned was in our room.

In this home Francis was born fifty years ago today. When he was a week old, a dreadful storm came. The wind blew and the rain fell in torrents. The wind took the loose boards from over my head. The rain came down and wet my bed through. They hurried to get help to replace the boards over my head, but no one could be found but my father and old Father Petty. They put the boards back as best they could. I caught a cold, which brought on a fever. I lay for 17 days; my life



almost despaired of. Aunt Jemima was my nurse days and your father nights. My baby boy had to be taken care of. I hardly knew he was mine. Every morning and night I could hear the drum beat.

When I began to get better, I found I had a cross baby to take care of. Every night when nine o' clock came, he would begin to cry. I would be tired and worn out, but still he would cry. I gave him catnip tea and everything I would hear of that might help, but still he would cry.

When he was four years old, I made him a pair of jeans pants and a calico waist. When he was dressed in this suit I thought it was fine. When he was six years old he went herding sheep with one of the older boys. He herded sheep until he was old enough to do other kind of work. There never was time to go to school. When he was about fourteen years old, I cut and made him a suit of clothes out of jeans cloth I had spun and colored for him. This was the first and only coat I ever cut. He thought his suit was all right, and so did I. Years passed on, and he got in with other boys who were full of fun and mischief and had a good time. I was told if I thought I had a good boy that I was much mistaken and did not know anything about him. I thought that this was not true.

When he was a little past nineteen, he married (1873). He made a wise choice and got a wife who has been true and faithful to him. They got a home and settled down to married life. In 1876 they were called to help colonize in Arizona, in

company with four or five other young married couples. They had a hard, cold journey. While there, a baby boy came to brighten their home. They stayed in Arizona about three years, then came back on a visit, leaving most of their things there. While they were here his father died. That was a gloomy time for me. I wondered who could take care of me. All of my children had all they could do without helping me. Apostle Erastus Snow came to Manti, and Andrew Van Buren laid the case before him. Apostle Snow asked Francis if he could take his mother with him to Arizona. He told him no, he did not think she could stand the journey. Brother Snow told him he was released from his work in Arizona.

Francis and his wife Elizabeth returned to Manti to live. Soon a little baby girl came to bless their home, Mary Verona Cox, born 21 July 1880. She was thrice welcome.

When the work commenced in the Manti Temple, he was called to work there. He labored there for nearly a year. Time passed on, and he was called to go on a mission to England. The time set for his departure was 16 September 1901. He owned a farm and had built himself a good home. He would go and leave his family comfortable. However, as the time approached to leave, his son Frank (also Francis) was very sick with a fever. He had made up his mind to fill his mission, but now he did not know what to do. Then Frank got a little better. He decided to go and leave his son in the hands of the Lord. Francis thought he would be brave. He bid his wife and

mother and all good by. He went to take leave of Frank, and it was in a low, weak voice he said good by, for it touched his heart. He turned his face to the wall, shed a few tears, and was gone. He thought it was the saddest day of his life.

Today Francis is in far off England, six thousand miles away, with the ocean between us. Time in its flight has brought his two years mission near the end. When he is released, I hope he will have a safe return home to us. I long to see his face and hear him call me "Mother".

Seven years out of the nine I lived in the fort, our husband was busy building a house. When it was finished we moved in, and we lived there twenty-one years. Here Arletta was born 12 October 1861, and Eva was born 8 December 1866. It was here that our husband died 5 June 1879 from a logging accident. At that time the family was broken up. Some of the family has settled in different places. I have lived in Manti over forty-one years. I love you all.

***Following is a copy of some of Cordelia's writings dated 20 January 1903:***

We have met here tonight in memory of Father Frederick Walter Cox, and trust that nothing will mar our peace. We ask God to bless us that our hearts may be glad and our union sweet, as we greet the dear faces of brothers, sisters, and children. You have followed the inclinations of your own hearts. If you have done the best you could to be useful, have improved your time in well doing, you need to have no

regrets. If you have been led into forbidden paths, your conscience will smite you, and you will need no accuser. God will be your judge.

Walter Cox was born 20 January 1812, in Plymouth, New York. If he were alive today, 1903, he would be 92 years old. You his children can remember his counsel, his walk, and his conversations he has had with you.

Tonight think of him as you saw him in life--the songs he used to sing, the flute he played when you could dance. Let memory take you back to the pleasant moonlight evenings when you would sit on the old stone steps leading into the hall. You children would sing while your father played the good old songs he used to sing. These were childhood days when you were living under one roof. Your hearts were light and gay. My memory takes me back, and I see him sitting in his chair with three or four little ones sitting on his knee, singing the sweet lullaby his mother sang to him.

Your father was called to fill a mission in far off England. He started 15 April 1863, and returned 3 December 1865. He was the father of 38 children, and 29 of them are living. Nine are dead. Honor your father, and let him help you guide your footsteps in wisdom's ways. There is a brotherly feeling that binds you all together, a love for each other which none of you can deny. Heaven bless the family of Walter Cox, and may no envy or strife have room in your hearts toward one another. Each one try to do their part, that your last days may

be full of joy. May the Lord lengthen your days and bring blessings upon you and your children, is my desire and wish of your mother, Cordelia C. Cox.

While I am on earth and able to write with pen in my hand, I will give to my children and my children's children a testimony that I know that God lives and will bless all those who seek to do His will.

The Lord has been my guide. In Him I put my trust. I am thankful for my children that have been given to me. I pray that God will accept us all and bless us to come forth through a glorious resurrection and receive a crown of eternal life in His Kingdom.

Signed: Cordelia Cox

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In an article printed in the Woman's Exponent, Salt Lake City, Utah, Midwinter Number, 1913, is a sketch of Cordelia Morley Cox. In addition to material already included, she writes the following: " One sister, Diantha Morley Billings, was the only one of my father's family who joined the "Mormon" Church. Father never after had a home of any pretensions, just a place of shelter for his family. He was a willing worker and spent his time in Church affairs, instead of work for his own. All the years of my youth were years of mobbing and hardships of every conceivable kind for my parents. My dear mother was left with all the cares of a large

family while father was thrown into prison. So inhumanly was he treated that when he came back to us we stared some time before we could recognize and call this gaunt man father. And so it was from year to year, persecution which increased our faith in our Creator."

"I raised my family of eight children, and now have 49 grandchildren and 86 great grandchildren. As my children married and went to homes of their own, I occupied my time with other work. I was secretary of the Relief Society for fourteen years, a worker in the Manti Temple for thirteen years. At the present time I am in my ninetieth year, having been born 22 November 1823. Sometimes the question comes to me, "Have I garnered a sheaf of empty grain, or will it be filled with God's plump grain?"

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## OH, MY MOTHER

*Written by Cordelia Calista Morley Cox, 19 March 1907, as recorded in her journal in her own handwriting, and copied by Mary Verona Cox Smyth, granddaughter in 1962 when she was 82 years and 7 months old.*

Oh, My Mother thou that dwellest  
In the mansion up on high  
Oft me thinks I still remember  
When you bade your child goodby.  
How you clasped me to your bosom  
Bade me a true son to be  
Once I left my Father's mansion  
To dwell in mortality.  
How you gave me words of counsel  
To guide aright my straying feet  
How you taught by true example  
All of Father's laws to keep.  
While I strive in this probation  
How to learn the Gospel's truth

May I merit your approval

As I did in early youth.

[In heavens journals] 'Tis recorded

You stood by Father's side,

When the powers that are eternal

Thou wast sealed his Goddess bride

How by love and truth and virtue

And in time thou did'st become

Through your high exalted station

Mother of the souls of men.

When of evil I've repented

And my work on earth is done

Kindest Father, Loving Mother,

Pray forgive your erring son.

When my pilgrimage is ended

And the victor's wreath I've won

Dearest Mother to your bosom

Will you welcome home your son.

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## **PATRIARCHAL BLESSING**

Reference: 1891, Vol. 109, p. 149, No. 89, Church Historical Dept.

Manti, Utah, 27 October 1891

A Patriarchal Blessing by E. H. Blackburn, Patriarch, upon the head of Cordelia Morley Cox, born Geauga County, Ohio, 28 November 1823. Sister Cordelia, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I lay my hands upon thy head, and in the authority of the Holy Priesthood, I seal upon thee this thy Patriarchal Blessing, that thou mayest be strengthened in body and in mind, that the blessings of the Lord God may be upon thee in thy declining years. Thy lineage is of the house of Joseph and a descendant of Ephraim, and thereby thou art entitled to the blessings of the Celestial world. Thou art highly favored of the Lord. Thou wast a spirit held in reserve to come forth in the last dispensation to do and perform a great and marvelous work for the living and for the dead. The angel of thy presence has shielded and protected thee and thou hast found favor with the Lord. The angels have had charge over thee and brought thee safely through all the vicissitudes of life, sorrow and affliction. For thy obedience and sacrifices that thou hast made in the Church of Christ, the Lord thy God loveth thee and will exalt thee on high, for thou art one of the Elect and a crown of eternal life is laid up for thee, mansions of eternal glory, for the Lord Thy God has said thy labors have been accepted and thy sacrifices, and the

blessings of the Lord shall be upon thy household forever. And thou shalt stand as their head of a numerous posterity and of their increase there shall be no end. And thou shalt be surrounded by the good and the great for thou art one of the chosen ones, for thou wilt fight the good fight of faith and overcome and be numbered with the sanctified. Thy tongue shall be loosed and thy understanding quickened and shall reach to the heavens, for thou shalt continue thy testimony here in this life and worlds without end. For thou art one of the chosen ones of the nobles of the Lord. Thy God will bless thee and in multiplying he will multiply thee and as Sarah of old, wilt thou number thy posterity by the millions and thou shalt stand at their head to reign a queen over thine, and together with thy husband, stand at the head of a great Kingdom. Now therefore fear not, for thou wilt overcome the world and enjoy the riches of eternity, and with great satisfaction shalt thou look back on the journey of life in the flesh and be satisfied, and the blessings of the Lord shall be upon the remainder of thy days in the flesh, for the remainder of thy days in the flesh shall be the best days. The Lord by the power of his spirit shall whisper unto thee comforting words. Thy peace shall be from this time henceforth as a river and no good thing shall be withheld from thee. Thou shalt continue thy labor in the House of the Lord for thy progenitors and for others, and the Lord is well pleased with thy labors. And for all the sorrows and tribulation that thou hast passed through for the Gospel sake shall be for thy

honor and glory in the Celestial World. Blessed shall be thy body and blessed shall be thy spirit, and blessed shalt be all thy labors, for the Lord thy God will crown thy labors with success. For thou art in very deed a handmaiden of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. I bless and seal upon thee an inheritance in the Celestial world. Blessed to continue the lives in the resurrection, to come forth through a glorious resurrection to receive a crown of Eternal life to reign a queen over thine own posterity with thy husband. In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Amen.

Scribe, Emma Potter

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## **ANOTHER PIONEER GONE TO HER REST**

### **CORDELIA M. COX**

After a sojourn of nearly a century on this mundane sphere, Mrs. Cordelia Morley Cox departed this life Wednesday night at the home of her daughter, Mrs. F. P. Tuttle.

Her career has been one, which is allotted to but few on this earth. She was born in Kirtland, Ohio, in November 1823, seven years before the organization of the Church, which was to exert such an influence over the affairs of her life. She lived to see that church grow to an organization of some 600,000 people. She was one of the number called upon to endure the persecutions of the early life of the church, and the hardships of transferring her church from civilization to the wilderness of the savage to wrest that wilderness from the savage and transform it into civilization. Her husband, Frederick Walter Cox, was born in New York in 1812, and after a life but 3 years less than the span of three score and ten allotted man, he left her side, even thirty six years ago.

She came to Utah and direct to Manti with her husband in 1852. Her mother had died during those troublesome times when they were being driven from place to place, with no place to call home. Her father, Isaac Morley, was ordained a Patriarch by the Prophet Joseph Smith.

Mrs. Cox left one son and six daughters, all of whom reside in this city, except Mrs. Van Buren of Orangeville and Mrs. John Moffitt of Bonets. The children in Manti are Francis Morley Cox and Mesdames J.H. Clark, Fred Anderson, G.W. Crawford, and Frank P. Tuttle.

The funeral will be held at the Tabernacle tomorrow at 2 o'clock. She died 9 June 1915.

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CORDELIA CALISTA MORLEY COX, beloved daughter of Isaac Morley, who wrote accurately describing the incidents as the Morley and Cox families were forced to move from place to place in the wilderness. In this picture the hardships and trials of fourscore and ten years can still be seen on a beautiful face. She is wearing a Tuscony Bonnet of lace and silk foundation and ties. The cape is of the same black lace with a foundation of silk. This was her best dress, and the outfit was never complete without the bonnet and cape. The tiddy on the back of her rocker was netting made by her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Ann Johnson Cox, with whom she lived many times during her more than 36 years of widowhood.

The Tuscony Bonnet and Cape were in the possession of a great granddaughter, Frances Smyth Blackham. These items were given to me, her daughter, Verona Blackham Balle. In 1996 I took the items to the Daughters of Utah Pioneers Museum, where I felt they would be properly taken care of and at some time be on display for family and others to see. They were gratefully accepted, and I received a certificate so stating from DUP. .